Couldn't Wait

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/45106201.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	M/M, Multi
Fandoms:	The Jane Austen Book Club (2007), Druk | Another Round (2020), Retfærdighedens ryttere | Riders of Justice (2020), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationships:	Grigg Harris/Martin (Druk), Markus Hansen (Retfærdighedens ryttere)/Grigg Harris, Markus Hansen (Retfærdighedens ryttere)/Martin (Druk)/Grigg Harris
Characters:	Grigg Harris, Martin (Druk), Markus Hansen (Retfærdighedens ryttere)
Additional Tags:	Post canon Martin, Post canon Markus, AU Grigg, Martin and Anika didn't reconcile, Guilt, Divorce, Trans Male Character, trans Grigg Harris, Reconciliation, make-up sex, Kissing, Frottage, front hole fingering, hand job (on a trans man), Voyeurism, Front Hole Sex, Light Choking, Anal Sex, Double Penetration, Double Penetration in Two Holes, Threesome - M/M/M, Squirting, potential future poly relationship, implied happy ending, Prompt Fill, Hannibal Extended Universe, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 145 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics, Part 45 of Non Cis Fics
Stats:	Published: 2023-02-16 Words: 4,310 Chapters: 1/1

Couldn't Wait

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Five years after his marriage ended, Martin's increasingly distant ex-wife gets back in touch via her new boyfriend.

Notes

Prompt: Alois Scheuber - Markus needs more love.. In my mind, Markus is the person that Martin’s wife was seeing in Another Round. But any pair with him would be quite delicious!

NB: I had planned there to be more of this and apologies if it feels a little stunted or abbreviated. I rewatched Druk/Another Round to try and get a better sense of Martin's voice and realised... I really don't like him or the movie lol. So it made this a bit of a hard one to write. Definitely don't think he's someone I will be writing again. I have also not focused as much on Markus as this became about Martin's story, so I haven't filled the brief entirely, and I'm planning to write a prequel just between Markus and Grigg.

Martin woke up with a headache and promptly pulled the pillow over his face to block the light.

He'd been up late creating his lesson plan for next term so that he could enjoy the school break, but he hadn't eaten dinner, and was suffering for it now. It felt somewhat unfair to wake up feeling like you were hungover having not touched a drop in years.

Martin wouldn't say he was teetotal, but alcohol held guilt for him now, and especially drinking to excess. Ever since Tommy had died. Would that have happened if they hadn't all been so foolish as to think they could all drink their problems away under the guise of a ridiculous experiment? He was never going to shake the guilt over Tommy having died because of their stupid group attempt to essentially be less boring.

Was he still boring? Yes, and he was fine with that. Not the same kind of boring he had been before that time, the time he now thought of as a bit of a midlife crisis.

Anika had no time for him then, but how much of that had been because he'd had no time for her? Looking back now, it was clear to him that they had both been deeply unhappy for quite some time.

The plan had been to hold each other's hands when they got old. They had the kids, she had nursed his dad as he died, but none of it was enough when the joy was gone.

The last affectionate message he'd had from Anika was her message "I miss you too. A lot." Which he'd hoped was the path to reconciliation, but instead it had been goodbye.

After that the only conversation had been through their lawyers and via text messages. Neither of them actively used their kids as communication, though occasionally something would slip. Enough that Martin knew Anika was still with the man she'd started seeing when she'd cheated on him.

He had a kid of his own, the boys got on with her, and he treated the boys well. That was all he allowed himself to care about. He hadn't seen her in person since the divorce was finalised. She hadn't been able to look him in the eyes, and all he wanted to do was ask her about that final message. Why send it? What was the point? Did she still miss him?

None of it mattered now.

The boys were off at university so communication had been limited. In fact they barely messaged at all now. Mostly just to arrange which holidays they would have the kids. This school break they would be with her.

So it was a surprise when there was a knock on the door, and then another, louder knock. He'd never expect anyone this early unless it was the boys being dropped off.

Martin groaned and pulled himself from the bed, his head hurting all the more as lumbered to the door in just his boxers and t-shirt.

"Hello?" He said as he opened the door, blinking against the sun as he tried to focus on the man at his doorstep.

His hair was clipped short and he had a big beard, a haunted look in his warm eyes. He looked expectantly at Martin, as though it was Martin who had knocked on his door.

"Can I help you?" Martin asked, trying to ignore his banging head.

"Are you Martin?"

"Yes?" Martin squinted in both confusion and from the searing daylight.

"My name is Markus, I'm with… uh… with Anika." Despite seeming not only confident but slightly menacing, it was strange that he stumbled over the words. "Can I come in?" He added as Martin continued to stare at him.

*

“Anika…” Martin panted, his eyes suddenly open. He was in bed, in the dark, now staring at the ceiling and as hard as a rock.

He couldn’t remember the last time he’d had a sex dream, much less one about his ex-wife. His ex… something.

It had been over a week since Markus had paid him a visit, and he wasn’t any closer to digesting what the man had told him. Classes started tomorrow and the boys were back at university, the whole week had been eaten up by thoughts he could no longer get out of his head.

At first there was the natural resistance, as they sat nursing coffees, to accept anything the man would say at all. This was the man who had cheated with his wife. The man she had been with ever since as he had clearly given her something Martin hadn’t. Or maybe, couldn’t.

And he certainly hadn’t expected the information Markus had brought him.

Anika was… It was all so much more complicated than he had imagined. And after his initial disbelief and then reluctance to accept, he realised his part in it. He hadn’t been present at the time when she had needed him to be, and so she had done all this alone.

Well, alone until she found someone in Markus that could give her the support he hadn’t.

He.

Fuck.

Martin had been absent a long time before they had done their Skårderud experiment, he had to own that.

Martin sat up and swung his legs off the bed, his cock so heavy it hurt, and yet he had no inclination to do anything about it. His thoughts and feelings were all mixed up and really he just wanted to do one thing. He wanted to see Anika.

He wasn’t sure why. To apologise? To talk? Just to see for himself? Not to gaup, but to try to understand.

He picked up his phone and looked at the time, it was not quite midnight, he’d barely had an hour’s sleep. It was too late to do anything now, though Markus had left his number, had given Martin their address.

Markus had explained everything, as far as Martin could tell. Including the reason he’d come to talk to him. At first he figured something had happened to Anika, his heart in his mouth as fear and long buried feelings surged through him.

But that hadn’t been the case. Markus had come to tell him, finally, why she had never called or seen him in person. Why she had kept him at such a distance.

Martin grunted at the memory. He stood and pulled on his shirt and trousers that he had laid out for school in the morning. Once he was dressed he found his shoes and keys and went out to the car where he sat for a few minutes until he finally turned the ignition.

It was too late, in all respects, but he'd lose the nerve if he didn't act now.

When he pulled up outside the isolated house with a huge barn, some of the lights were still on. That dispelled any further hesitation as he went to the door and knocked.

There was nothing, though he could hear some movement inside. When he knocked a second time, just in case, there was chatter and movement and then the door opened to reveal a man in a hastily donned robe.

Not Markus.

"Anika?" Martin frowned, studying his face as the man's expression turned hard.

"It's Grigg." He replied, flatly.

*

It was clear, terrifyingly so, that Martin had interrupted them having sex.

Not only did they both look utterly dishevelled, but he recognised that sort of spaced out look on Anika's face. *Grigg's* face.

He knew that. Markus had told him. Grigg, not Anika. And in his mind it had been hard to parse, but now that he saw Grigg in the flesh he had a frame of reference. He could see Anika in there, but this was not the woman he had known. Or maybe it was a truer version of her.

Grigg frowned at him across the dining table where they'd all taken a seat and Martin realised he was staring.

"What are you doing here, Martin?"

It was Anika's voice but it wasn't. And yet, it really really was. It was strange, after having no single inkling of this until Markus told him, this felt both familiar and correct. And the very thought of that made Martin's jaw clench. He had entirely missed this, about the person he was supposed to have loved most in the world. He hadn't seen it at all.

"Markus said-" Martin started.

"I didn't mean the middle of the night," Markus gruffly cut in.

Martin nodded and then shook his head, "yes, of course not."

Martin realised he was staring at Grigg again when he pulled the robe a bit tighter.

"W…What else did Markus tell you?" Grigg asked, quietly.

It was Markus who replied, “everything.” To which Grigg pulled the robe tighter still and a blush spread across his cheeks and down his neck.

“Everything you asked,” Markus added.

Martin cleared his throat and added his understanding of what Markus had said. “That you… You gave up nursing, went back into tech support so you could work freelance from home. So that you could um, do this privately. That the kids know but you’d asked them not to tell me.” That had stung but he understood the reasons after everything Markus had said. “That you love me, and miss me, but that you couldn’t be with me because… Because I wasn’t there and you couldn’t wait…”

The words started to choke in Martin’s throat. He felt desperately sad, and there was guilt there too. He wasn’t sure how he would have reacted to his wife coming out to him as transgender, but he hadn’t even made it a possibility for her to try… Him to try.

But now he knew. Because it was time for him to. As Markus had explained - because Grigg still loved him, still missed him and needed him to know and understand in order to be able to move on. With or without him.

Unexpectedly, Grigg rose and came around the table, taking the empty seat next to him and placing a hand over one of Martin’s.

Martin turned to look at him, seeing all the elements there that made up Anika, but that now fit better. He looked down at the manly hand over his own, the dense, light hair that started at the wrist.

Martin shook his head but didn’t pull away. He didn’t want to. Anika or Grigg, he had missed this touch so much.

“You told me once, I was not the same Martin you first met. And I just thought we had drifted apart. People change as they age, they grow.”

Grigg let out a soft sigh.

“You said once that you hadn’t recognised me for a long time. This is why.” Grigg’s tone was full of regret and his eyes were glassy when Martin looked up at him. “I’m sorry I couldn’t tell you.”

“I’m sorry you couldn’t.” Martin agreed. “When you said you couldn’t wait for me any longer, this was what you were talking about. That you couldn’t wait for me to be present enough for you to tell me about this. So you found someone else who was present, someone you *could* tell.”

He looked over at Markus who sat watching their interaction with clearly no concern at all. He was so secure in what was between him and Grigg, and why not? He had been there when Martin hadn’t been.

“It just happened, with Markus. I needed something, someone. Someone I could be intimate with, who I could tell and have accept me, because I couldn’t tell you.”

Grigg and Markus shared such a loving and affectionate look at those words that Martin felt his neck burn with something like jealousy.

Could he have been there for Grigg? He wasn’t sure, but now he’d never know. Never had the chance.

Grigg turned back to him and moved his free hand to Martin’s cheek. “I missed you. I missed us, for a long time. Maybe too long. I never stopped loving you.”

Martin sucked in a breath, looking into those beautiful blue eyes that he had missed so much.

“I never stopped loving you, either.” He admitted the thing he had wanted to message Anika at the end of every exchange but knew it would be unfair to do so.

Martin’s breath caught as Grigg leaned in and pressed their lips gently together. It was a hesitant and chaste kiss that had Martin responding hungrily. His mind was filled with the memories of the last time they’d had sex, in that tent on their vacation. Such a long time ago now, a whole lifetime. A weekend where they had been perfect again, just for a short while, but now that memory was false.

Because Anika would never have been truly happy living as they had been.

Grigg’s hand landed on his thigh and Martin pulled back with a gasp, he was hard again and very much aware of the fact.

Martin studied Grigg’s face, trying to understand what was happening as Grigg’s hand slid up to his cock and squeezed. Martin let out a groan.

“Wh-?”

“I can stop if you like. But as Markus told you everything, and you’re here. Does that mean…?”

Grigg gave Martin the room to answer the unasked. Because Markus had told him everything - that Grigg missed him, loved him. Would always feel that way and would like to at least be on speaking terms. That was why he’d finally come out. But there was more than that. He’d wanted to know if Martin would ever be able to love him back, now that he knew.

At the time Martin didn’t have an answer. But now he did.

“Yes,” Martin growled, sliding his hand to the back of Grigg’s neck and pulling him back into a kiss.

There was movement then, frantic and hurried as Martin’s chair moved back and Grigg was then in his lap. They kissed and pawed at each other until Martin’s shirt was partially undone and Grigg’s robe was now down his arms.

Martin was losing himself to the sensation of Grigg rocking their hips together, pressing against his hard cock, when Markus cleared his throat.

Martin stilled, suddenly aware of where he was and what he was doing.

“Fuck,” Martin muttered, trying to move from under Grigg, but Grigg shook his head and then turned to Markus.

“Is this okay?” Grigg asked Markus, and something passed in that look, as though Markus had actually been checking Grigg was okay/.

Markus, silent but eyes bright and burning into them, gave a nod.

Martin stopped struggling as Grigg turned back to him, so damn beautiful, and cupped his face in his hands.

“Markus understands, he’s okay with this.”

“We’ve discussed the possibility,” Markus added gruffly from his seat across from them. “I want whatever is best for Grigg. He needs this.”

“This?” Martin looked from Markus back to Grigg.

“Whatever it is,” Grigg replied. “This can be one last time, a goodbye. It could be more, if you want it.” Martin was speechless, and Grigg shook his head with a smile. “You don’t need to decide now. For now it can just be this.”

Grigg leaned in and kissed him again, and Martin didn’t hesitate.

*

Martin wasn’t sure how much time passed with Grigg writhing in his lap and the slowly apparent wet sounds of Markus pleasuring himself as he watched.

It was only when Martin started to unbuckle his belt that Grigg drew back and sat on his knees, his hands over Martin’s.

“Let’s go to the bedroom.”

Martin’s breath caught and he nodded as he tried to draw another.

Moving to the bedroom was a blur of kissing and undressing. By the time they got to the bed, Martin’s shirt was gone and his trousers were around his knees. Grigg’s robe was gone, leaving him just in boxers when he pushed Martin back onto the bed.

When Martin bounced slightly on the mattress, Grigg chuckled and pulled his trousers the rest of the way off, leaving him naked and wanting. Vulnerable. As vulnerable as Grigg.

And Martin fell in love with him at that moment. Fell in love with every bit of him that had been that person he fell in love with the first time and had wanted to spend his life with. And all the things that had changed too.

He drank in the sight of him, cataloguing it all.

His sparkling eyes, and bright smile, that laugh. God he'd missed that laugh.

The short hair, the stubble, the light dusting of chest hair, the narrow hips, the scars on his chest. The soft hair between his legs as he discarded his boxers.

This was the love of his life. He knew that. He knew Grigg.

He reached up as Grigg reached down, their bodies colliding on the bed as Grigg straddled him once more.

"I want you," Grigg pressed the words to his mouth and Martin groaned. "I've missed you."

"I've missed you too," Martin said, no doubt in his mind now that this was the person he had always loved. He hadn't known what to think or expect when Markus had explained, but then he'd seen Grigg and kissed him, and everything fell into place.

Grigg broke the kiss to sit back, pulling Martin's hands up to his chest.

Martin cupped his pecs, running his thumbs from nipples over long healed scars. He could feel Grigg shivering under his touch as Grigg dragged one of Martin's hands down his torso.

Martin watched as it was led between Grigg's legs.

He'd never thought about being with a man before, but that didn't seem to matter now. He remembered something he'd read once about sexuality being fluid, but he'd never dreamt it might apply to him. But it did, that was clear.

Both of them gasped when Martin's fingers slid over Grigg's small cock.

It was so different to how it had been before, before hormones Martin assumed. Bigger, more like a cock than a clit. Looking at where his fingers stroked, he could see that it looked like a cock, a head and foreskin. He felt his mouth water at the sight, which was unexpected.

"I need…" Grigg mumbled as he began to rock, his wet heat stroking over Martin's own cock. He went back and forth a few times until he positioned himself so that Martin's cock hitched to his wet and ready hole.

Both of Martin's hands shot to Grigg's hips, his breath stuck in his lungs as Grigg sank down on him with a groan.

"Fuck…" Martin panted, trying to catch his breath.

Grigg rode him hard, setting a steady pace that would drive them both crazy.

He was mesmerising, his lithe body moving, every muscle in his core contorting beneath toned flesh. The same and yet different and either way so beautiful, so perfect.

It wasn't until Grigg looked back over his shoulder that Martin even remembered they weren't alone.

He had been so consumed with Grigg, that he hadn't even noticed that Markus had taken a seat in the little chair by the door, his hand working his cock as he watched them.

And even that was fucking hot. There was something about the man he'd been cheated on with getting off on this that sparked something in him. Something that, bizarrely, repaired some of the damage to his ego from all those years before.

"Can he join us?" Grigg asked with a grin, clearly having caught Martin looking. "When you arrived we were…"

Nothing more needed to be said, but Martin's hesitance was clear in the nod he gave.

"If there's anything you're not comfortable with," Grigg began. And whilst he didn't need to end the sentence for Martin to get the gist, he couldn't anyway.

Having clearly heard the conversation, Markus surged forward. Out of the chair and on Grigg in an instant. One powerful hand wrapped gently around Grigg's throat from behind as he began to kiss his neck and shoulder. The other hand snaked around to paw at Grigg's chest, pinching a nipple.

The sound that Grigg made at that had Martin throbbing inside him.

"Show him how much you missed him," Markus growled in Grigg's ear, pulling a whimper from him which Martin echoed with a choked sound of his own.

Markus released Grigg, who fell forward, ravenous. He kissed Martin again, deep and hungry as he began to ride him hard, taking him as deep as he could.

All the while, Martin could feel Markus moving with them on the bed. But it wasn't until Grigg's hips were stilled, followed by a gasp and groan, and then exquisite pressure against his own cock, that Martin understood what was happening.

With quite some ease, which made Martin imagine in full technicolour the sort of sex they'd been having when he arrived, Markus slid into Grigg's ass.

Feeding Martin his whimpers and moans in ever deepening kisses, Grigg began to move again. And this time he wasn't entirely in control of the motion. Instead, Markus had hands on Grigg's hips as he started to pound into his ass.

Martin's eyes rolled in his head.

He could feel every press, every thrust of Markus's sizeable cock - separated by only a thing layer of flesh inside the man they both loved.

His response was automatic as he slid a hand around Grigg's nape and kept him close for those deep kisses as he started to thrust upwards.

The room was filled with the scent of sex and the sound of slapping flesh as Grigg went pliant between them. The kisses became haphazard as Grigg's eyes rolled in pleasure. They ceased altogether when Martin felt a hand between them as Markus' thick fingers worked Grigg's cock as he took them both deep.

"L-love you," Grigg muttered, sounding almost drunk as he reached behind him to pull Markus down for a kiss. The sight of it made Martin throb all the more, his balls drawing up tight.

When Grigg leaned in to kiss him too, Martin was close to coming. So desperately close.

"We love you," Markus answered for them both in a low rumble that made Martin's eyes roll in his head. The pleasure was so intense, the situation so bizarre and yet amazing. He tried to hold on, knowing that he couldn't possibly last much longer but he wanted to last as long as Grigg wished to use him. That was all that mattered in that moment, his gorgeous body pressed between them, in need of satisfaction.

Markus thrust harder, deeper. Each press of their cocks together made Martin shudder. He couldn't hold on much longer.

When Grigg began to shiver and then shake, Martin knew he was close. He knew of old, the tell-tale signs.

Markus clearly did too, as he fucked harder, almost brutal - juxtaposed to the more gentle stroking of Grigg's cock.

And it was that, Martin was sure, that pushed Grigg over the edge.

Shaking became a full body shudder as Grigg cried out and came. Markus worked his fingers faster until Grigg was squirting all over Martin's belly and Martin could no longer hold off.

His own orgasm crashed over him and it was like being hit by the full force of a tidal wave. He spilled deep inside Grigg as his muscles clenched and milked. The effect was clearly the same for Markus who cried out and wrapped both arms around Grigg, pulling him back and fucking up into his ass a few more times before stilling.

Time seemed to stand still. And as the haze of pleasure began to clear, Martin started to realise what had just happened.

"No…" Grigg leaned in and kissed his mouth, and then his forehead. "Don't overthink it."

Martin nodded and then winced as he felt Markus pull out of Grigg. A moment later, Grigg was rolling them to their sides and Martin slipped from him as they went. A mess of come between Grigg's legs.

When they settled in the bed, facing each other, they gazed deeply into each other's eyes.

Markus spooned up behind Grigg, his arm slung over his waist. And yet, it wasn't possessive or territorial. It was resigned. Markus was clearly secure enough in their relationship that he didn't find Martin to be a threat.

And… strangely, the same was true in return.

Markus had been there and had given Grigg something when Martin had been unable to. There was a deep connection that bound them and might never be broken. It wasn't the same as the connection Martin had with Grigg. It was simply different.

"Stop it," Grigg chuckled, a finger coming up and stroking between Martin's furrowed brows, just as he used to do. "You're still overthinking it."

"It's okay," Markus' reassured, his eyes closed as he nuzzled into Grigg's neck, his hand reaching out - groping until he took hold of Martin's.

Markus squeezed his hand and Martin squeezed it back.

"It can just be tonight," Grigg reiterated, "or something more. It's all up to you Martin, and you don't need to decide now."

"Talk in the morning," Markus added, sleepy and gruff. Grigg smiled affectionately, moving just enough to grab the blankets and pull them up over the three of them.

"Yes, in the morning." Grigg agreed.

In the morning.

It could wait, yes.

But as he held Markus' hand and Grigg snuggled into his chest, cradled between the two larger men, Martin already knew what he wanted.

He had no words to describe what this would be. What it meant or how it would work. But he didn't care. He just knew he wanted it. And in the morning they would work it all out.

He couldn't wait.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!